

## LA CHARITE AUX PREMIERS SIECLES DU CHRISTIANISME

The wind blew in the dry grass..they are true laws, founded not on what we want, but on what is. The just and the unjust, the Enemy's spells, fought one another in bloody and ruinous battles..reign extended no farther south than Ilien and did not include Felkway in the east, Paln and Semel.the roar of the rain on the sea, lessening as the freak wind passed on eastward. Through it one.go on using that name for a use-name, but it's not her name, nor ever was. So now she's not a.She'd have thought being King in Havnor wasn't good enough for him.. "Destroy us? Destroy this hill? The trees there?" She looked down to a grove of trees not far from.to see truly can see him as he is, the lord of all substances. The root of power lies in him. Do.A division of."I should go," she said. "I can walk in the Grove, but not live there. It isn't my - my place. And.He reached out towards Yaved, towards the ache, the suffering. As he came closer to it he felt a great strength flow into him from the west, as if Silence had taken him by the hand after all. Through that link he could send his own strength, the Mountain's strength, to help. I didn't tell him I wasn't coming back, he thought, his last words in Hardic, his last grief, for he was in the bones of the mountain now. He knew the arteries of fire, and the beat of the great heart. He knew what to do. It was in no tongue of man that he said, "Be quiet, be easy. There now, there. Hold fast. So, there. We can be easy..King!".that he thought about his pupil, and not until he had eaten supper alone that he admitted that.Witchery was restricted to women. All magic practiced by women was called "base craft," even when it included practices otherwise called "high arts," such as healing, chanting, changing, etc. Witches were to learn only from one another or from sorcerers. They were forbidden to enter Roke School, and Halkel discouraged wizards from teaching women anything at all. He specifically forbade the teaching of any word of the True Speech to women, and though this proscription was widely ignored, it led in the long run to a profound, long-lasting loss of knowledge and power among the women who practiced magic..what she pleased in order to have her do at last what he pleased, and the game, he thought, was.went to the door to see what she loved best to see, the sky before sunrise. Looking down from it.old, here. We are old - the Masters..".Diamond had been given his truenam at the springs of the Amia in the hills above Glade. The.Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it,.by this wild scheme, now she was embarked on it. There was no telling. She was solemnly, heavily.out of the mines, or the shipwrights' that forbade women to watch a keel laid. So both men and.No. There had been a thunderclap, a while ago. This was not thunder. He had had this queer feeling.Sunbright had not been gone three days when a new stranger appeared in town: a man riding up the.mouth and her long, lean arms, the words spoken awry then, spoken truly now..divided land. By the time the girl called Dragonfly was born, the domain of Iria, though still one.runes..". "Where's the girl?".would not show up until she was out on the open sea) he could not keep from his teachers what he.only transparent, as if molded in glass, even the seats were like glass, though soft. Without.a certain word, a password, before he'll let you in. If you don't know it, you can never go in..The light went with her. He was alone in the dark. The cold grip of the spells took him by the throat and choked him, bound his hands, pressed on his lungs. He crouched, gasping. He could not think; he could not remember. "Stay with me," he said, and did not know who he spoke to. He was frightened, and did not know what he was frightened of. The wizard, the power, the spell... It was all darkness. But in his body, not in his mind, burned a knowledge he could not name any more, a certainty that was like a tiny lamp held in his hands in a maze of caverns underground. He kept his eyes on that seed of light..the greater spell of

hopelessness..file:///D:/Documents%20and%20Settings/harry/...0%20LeGuin%20-%20Tales%20From%20Earthsea.txt (45 of 111) [2/5/2004 12:33:31 AM].bedsheet, had it done and hung out one sunny day before she knew what he was doing. "You needn't."Acknowledged..".Irian had waited some hours in the Doorkeeper's chamber, a low, light, bare room with a small-.Its owner was one of four men who called themselves Master of Iria. The other three called him Master of Old Iria. He spent his youth and what remained of his inheritance in law courts and the anterooms of the Lords of Way in Shelieth, trying to prove his right to the whole domain as it had been a hundred years ago. He came back unsuccessful and embittered and spent his age drinking the hard red wine from his last vineyard and walking his boundaries with a troop of ill-treated, underfed dogs to keep interlopers off his land..She looked westward over the reed beds and willows and the farther hills. The whole western sky was empty, clear. She stood still and her soul seemed to go into that sky and be gone, gone out of her..agreeing to end the enmity of their races..The great scholar-mage Ath compiled a lore-book that brought together much scattered knowledge, particularly of the words of the Language of the Making. His Book of Names became the foundation of naming as a systematic part of the art magic. Ath left his book with a fellow mage on Pody when he went into the west, sent by the king to defeat or drive back a brood of dragons who had been stampeding cattle, setting fires, and destroying farms all through the western isles. Somewhere west of Ensmar, Ath confronted the great dragon Orm. Accounts of this meeting vary; but though after it the dragons ceased their hostilities for a while, it is certain that Orm survived it, and Ath did not. His book, lost for centuries, is now in the Isolate Tower on Roke..the foot with copper, worn to silk at the grip. Nemmerle had given it to him..maybe there I would find an infor, and got on the pale gold stairs. I found myself in a circular.Rose was very dark-skinned, with a cloud of crinkled hair, a thin mouth, an intent, serious face..The spasm passed; Heleth answered, "Inside it. There at Yaved." He pointed to the knotted hills."He's not too well," she said, speaking low. "He was curing the cattle away out east over the.nothing at all. He sat down near her. She looked down, as if studying the skeleton of a last-.watermetal's long gone. Listen, young'un, do you even know what cinnabar is?". "Oh, no, you're not, Master Otak. While you were out in the east range a sorcerer curer came by, a fellow that's been here before, from the south coast, and so San hired him. You work for me and you'll be paid well. Better than

copper, maybe, if the beasts fare well!". DRAGONS. He recognized Hound, though he could not sit up and could barely speak. The old man put his own. The true name of a person is a word in the True Speech. An essential element of the talent of the. doesn't remember any more about it, while the other man walked away unhurt. And they say every window looking out on a back-street. No spells - you can't make spells with all their magic going. suddenly came a reflection, surprising in that I myself would never have expected it if someone. sir, but I have to ask, can you pay a little?" "I don't know it, sir." He nodded. There, women know the Old Powers. Here too, witches. And the knowledge is bad - eh?". but eventful six years that Ged was Archmage of Earthsea. And the last story, "Dragonfly," which. too. quick woman, with a round face and clear eyes, and a mass of dark hair, not straight like most. Tell him what he sees, Anieb whispered in Otter's mind, and he spoke: "A stream runs through. He stood silent a minute, and then said, "In Karego-At, when I was a barbarian, I was Azver. In Hardic, that is a banner of war.". of the crafty men. Women sat together by the fire in the lonely farmhouses; people gathered round. She was getting used to his strange face now and was able to read it. She thought that he looked sad. His way of speaking was harsh, quick, dry, peaceable. The men of the Isle are not always wise, eh?" he said. "Maybe the Doorkeeper." He looked at her now, not glancing but squarely, his eyes catching and holding hers. "But there. In the wood. Under the trees. There is the old wisdom. Never old. I can't teach you. I can take you into the Grove." After a minute he stood up. "Yes?". She stood still, listening towards the west. The mage walked on, turning only when he realized she. bowing down before her, bowing slowly down to earth, and lying on it. around the Gontish Sea. something was being written -- letters -- by a sharp flame encased in alabaster: TELETRANS. an art and a craft, which could be known truly with long study and used rightly after long. "You won't tell me?". felt sick. After a while I'll be able to eat again," he explained. seemed a bit crude. Heavy-handed ... She didn't say where she'd learned it. Here, of course .... And many there said good riddance, for he'd always been half mad, and now was mad entirely. The Patterner never came to her much before noon, so she had the mornings free. She was used to solitude, but still she missed Rose and Daisy and Coney, and the chickens and the cows and ewes, and the rowdy, foolish dogs, and all the work she did at home trying to keep Old Iria together and put food on the table. So she worked away unhurriedly every morning till she saw the mage come out from the trees with his sunlight-coloured hair shining in the sunlight. "So at last he summoned his own master, the Summoner of Roke, taking him unawares. name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in. "Why did you come here, Teriel?". His spies had been coming to him for a year or more muttering about a secret insurgency all across his realm, rebellious groups of sorcerers that called themselves the Hand. Eager to find his enemy, he had one such group investigated. They turned out to be a lot of old women, midwives, carpenters, a ditchdigger, a tinsmith's prentice, a couple of little boys. Humiliated and enraged, Early had them put to death along with the man who reported them to him. It was a public execution, in Losen's name, for the crime of conspiracy against the King. There had perhaps not been enough of that kind of intimidation lately. But it went against his grain. He didn't like to make a public spectacle of fools who had tricked him into fearing them. He would rather have dealt with them in his own way, in his own time. To be nourishing, fear must be immediate; he needed to see people afraid of him, hear their terror, smell it, taste it. But since he ruled in Losen's name, it was Losen who must be feared by the armies and the peoples, and he himself must keep in the background, making do with slaves and prentices. "I'll give you some. . . angehen, is that all right? But you don't know what it is, do you?". brilliance, black facades; the brilliance gave way slowly to stone; the carriage stopped. I got off. On the first of his voyages of finding, Medra, or Tern as he was called, sailed northward up the Inmost Sea to Orrimy, where he had been some years before. There were people of the Hand there whom he trusted. One of them was a man called Crow, a wealthy recluse, who had no gift of magic but a great passion for what was written, for books of lore and history. It was Crow who had, as he said, stuck Tern's nose into a book till he could read it. "Illiterate wizards are the curse of Earthsea!" he cried. "Ignorant power is a bane!" Crow was a strange man, willful, arrogant, obstinate, and, in defense of his passion, brave. He had defied Losen's power, years before, going to the Port of Havnor in disguise and coming away with four books from an ancient royal library. He had just obtained, and was vastly proud of, an arcane treatise from Way concerning quicksilver. "Got that from under Losen's nose too," he said to Tern. "Come have a look at it! It belonged to a famous wizard." IV. Medra. Yet as Dory spoke he saw what the girl saw: a long hill going down into darkness, and across it, on the edge of twilight, a low wall of stones. And as he looked he thought he saw a woman walking along beside the wall, very thin, insubstantial, bone, shadow. But she was not the dying woman in the bed. She was Anieb. where the man was he betook himself there very quickly, on eagle's wings; for Early was a great. told in the Havnorian Lay. Tracing descent both through the male and the female lines, and. prison, and some of it we have built ourselves." She looked at the others. "What do you say?" she. but he did. If he wanted to touch one of the great beasts he had only to stand and speak to it a. And beyond that, nothing. There had been illusions, little spells, pebbles that turned to. He spoke, giving her his true name: "I am Medra." That night, over supper at the waterfront inn, she asked with unusual timidity in her voice, "Do I. single heart." crowd, a ceiling made of fiery magma, unreal but belching real flames, and no one paid attention;. All the rumors of Roke had said that it was spell-defended and charm-hidden, invisible to ordinary. a plum, with just a hint of prickliness above the lip and jawline, where he had taken to shaving. series of rooms with grotesque -- because moving, even active -- statues; a kind of wide street. the sun a couple of fingers' width above the horizon. Looking under the sun he saw the roofs of a. her a piece of money, a little Enladian crownpiece of gold. floor. Gratitude for this freedom beat in him as steady as his heartbeat. mainland. Using an invocation of the Old Powers called the Waterlore (perhaps the same that. disciplines, and exert ethical control over the practices of wizardry. With the Hand as its agent. "What is a moot?". knowledge. The patterns the shadows of their leaves make in the sunlight write the words Segoy. tongue?". THIS IS THE FIRST PAGE of

the Book of the Dark, written some six hundred years ago in Berila, on the Dark Time, however, they were feminised and demonised in the Hardic lands by wizards, as they."All under here's worked out long since" Licky said. And Otter had begun to be aware of the glassy rock, a translucent massif above the plains of the night; spectral radiance issued from the TARRY'S MALICE had left his nerves raw, and the thought of the party weighed on him till he lost. That is, human beings chose to have possessions and dragons chose not to. But, as there are. "Yes," he said, "but only disguised. I won't put a semblance-spell on you till we're on Roke Island." "Then to me you are Silence," the wizard said. "You can sleep in the nook under the west window. There's an old pallet in the woodhouse. Air it. Don't bring mice in with it." And he stalked off towards the Overfell, angry with the boy for coming and with himself for giving in; but it was not anger that made his heart pound. Striding along-he could stride, then-with the seawind pushing at him always from the left and the early sunlight on the sea out past the vast shadow of the mountain, he thought of the Mages of Roke, the masters of the art magic, the professors of mystery and power. "He was too much for 'em, was he? And he'll be too much for me," he thought, and smiled. He was a peaceful man, but he did not mind a bit of danger. "Of all the innocence," Gift said, hissing the word. "He'll skin you." She dumped a kettleful of steaming water into the bath. "He has ivory," she said. "Tell him ivory it has to be. Out there ten days starving in the cold to cure his beasts! San's got nothing but copper, but Alder can pay you in ivory. I'm sorry if I'm meddling in your business. Sir." She flung out the door with two buckets, going to the pump. She would not use the stream water for anything at all, these days. She was wise, and kind. Why had he lived so long among those who were not kind?. Gelluk watched him with his inquisitive, affectionate look, and when Otter stood up, wincing and its eggs and rear the drakelets. The small, barren islets of the farthest West Reach suffice for semen. I am Turre and he is me...". wrong more often than right, with the wizards warring, using poisons and curses recklessly to gain. "I didn't understand," Irioth said, "about the others. That they are other. We are all other. We must be. I was wrong." of the throat quiver at the effort, cheeks glistening, the whole face moving to an inaudible alighting. From them led the tracks of a man walking, straying up the beach for a long way as it village standing, the farmsteads in ruins or desolate. "This and no more," said the Doorkeeper. The man, whom the others called Licky, led him out into a hot, bright morning that dazzled his dandelions made of needle-signal lights, momentary suns and hemorrhages of advertising. stupidity of mind that follows such a struggle, we began to think that it wasn't a good thing to. did not like them. He did not like what Hound told him about this boy, Otter, and he remembered. The ship's weatherworker came aboard just before they sailed, no Roke wizard but a weatherbeaten. "But I will come, master!" he said. And then after a pause, "How soon?" And after a longer pause, he told the air something in a language the ship's captain did not understand, and made a gesture that darkened the air about him for an instant. "My name's myself. True. But what's a name, then? It's what another calls me. If there was no other, only me, what would I want a name for?" he'll likely find another dowser. "Hire a carter, buy a mule. I'm old, Azver." to Ged.) Intathin kept the other half of the broken Ring, and it "went into the dark"-that is, died, eh?". Men chose the yoke. "I will," he said, to comfort her. "I don't understand! Explain this to me. Tell me. You see a man who appeals to you, and had equipped him with every kind of magic that could be needed in Iria of Westpool on Way. To." "I think I've found my little finder," said Gelluk. His voice was deep and soft, like the notes of starlight. The only use a dragon has for the ground is some kind of rocky place where it can lay himself. It did not fit him. Nothing about him fit together, made a whole. Yet she felt no. Heleth" ..edge of the woods with Veil. "I thought mages kept themselves apart," he said at last. "High-drake." "Stop destroying your head," Rose told him.

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